

THE

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# Art of Cookery:

A

# POEM.

In Imitation of  
*Horace's* Art of P O E T R Y.

By the Author of a *TALE* of a *TUB*.

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*Coquus omnia miscet.*

*Javen.*

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# The Art of COOKERY, &c.

**T**HE ingenious LISTER! were a Picture drawn  
 With *Cynthia's* Face, but with a Neck like *Brawn*,  
 With Wings of *Turkey*, and with Feet of *Calf*,  
 Tho' drawn by *KNELLER*, it would make you laugh.  
 Such is (Good Sir!) the Figure of a Feast,  
 By some Rich Farmer's Wife and Siller dress'd;  
 Which, were it not for Plenty and for Steam,  
 Might be resembled to a Sick-man's Dream;  
 Where all Ideas muddling run so fast,  
 That *Syllabub* comes first, and *Soup's* the last.  
 Not but that *Cooks* and *Poets* still were free  
 To use their Pow'r in nice Variety.

Hence *Mack'rel* seem delightful to the Eyes,  
 Tho' dress'd with incoherent *Goosberries*.  
*Crabs*, *Salmon*, *Lobsters* are with Fennel spread,  
 That never touch'd the Herb till they were dead.  
 Yet no Man lards his *Pork* with *Orange-Peel*,  
 Or gascifies his *Lamb* with *Spitch-cock-Bell*.

A *Cook* perhaps has mighty things profess,  
 The sent up but two Dishes nicely dress'd;  
 What signify *Scotch-Collars* to the Feast?  
 Or you can make *Whipt-Cream*! but what Relief  
 Will that be to a Sailor who wants Beef?  
 Who lately Shipwreckt, never can have Ease  
 Till re-establish'd in his *Pork* and *Pease*.

When once begun, let Industry ne'er cease  
 Till it has render'd all things of a Piece;  
 At your *Desert* bright Pewter comes too late,  
 When your first Course was serv'd up all in Plate.

Most knowing Sir! the greatest part of *Cooks*  
 Searching for Truth, are cozen'd by the Looks.

One would have all things little; hence ne'er try'd  
*Turkey Poults* fresh from th' Egg in Butter fry'd,  
 Others, to shew the Largeness of their Soul,  
 Prepare you *Mutton* swoln, and *Oxen* whole.  
 To vary the same thing, some think it Art,  
 In larding of *Hoss-Feces*, and *Bacon-Tart*.

e Taste is now to that Perfection brought,  
 at Care, when wanting Skill, creates the Fault:  
*That Court-Garden* did a Taylor dwell,  
 no might deserve a Place in his own Hell,  
 to make a single Coat to make, he'd do't  
 Well; or Breeches singly; but the Brute  
 and he'er contrive all three to make a Suit.  
 her than frame a Supper like such Cloths,  
 have fine Eyes or Teeth, without a Nose.  
 You that from plant Paste would Fabricks raise,  
 seeing thence to gain immortal Praise,  
 ur Knuckles try, and let your Sinews know,  
 ur Power to knead, and give the Form to Dough;  
 ur your Materials right, and Seasoning fix,  
 d with your *Fruit* resplendant *Sugar* mix.  
 n thence of Counte the Figure will arise,  
 d Elegance adorn the Surface of your Pies.  
 Beauty from Order springs, the judging Eye  
 ll tell you if one single Plates's away.  
 e Cook must first regard the present Time,  
 omit what's just in Season, is a Crime.  
 ur infant *Pease* & *Asparagus* prefer,  
 rich to the Supper you may best defer.  
 ous how you change old Bills of Fare,  
 Alterations would a less be rare.  
 e Credit to that Artist will accrue,  
 no in known things still makes sh' Appearance new.  
 h Dainties are by *Britain's* Traffick known,  
 d now by constant Use familiar grown.  
 What Lord of old would bid his Cook prepare  
 ings, *Potargo*, *Champignons*, *Caveare*?  
 would our Thrum-cap'd Ancestors find fault  
 want of Sugar Tongues, or Spoons for Salt.  
 w things produce new Words, and thus *Monteb*  
 s by one Vessel sav'd his Name from Death.  
 e Seasons change us all, by Autumns Frost,  
 e shady Leaves of Trees and Fruit are lost.  
 e then the Spring breaks forth with fresh Supplies,  
 d from the teeming Earth new Buds arise.  
 ubble-Geese at *Michaelmas* are seen  
 on the Sprig, next *May* produces Green



The Fate of Things lies always in the Dark,  
 What Cavalier wou'd know *St. James's-Park*?  
 For *Locke's* stands where Gardens once did spring,  
 And *Wild-ducks* quack where *Grashoppers* did sing.  
 A Princely Palace on that Space does rise,  
 Where *Sydleys* Noble Muse found *Muberries*.  
 Since Places alter thus, what constant Thought  
 Of filling various Dishes can be taught?  
 For he pretends too much, or is a Fool,  
 Who'd fix those things where Fashion is the Rule.

King *Hardynute*, 'midst *Danes* and *Saxons* stout,  
 Carous'd on Nut-brown *Ale*, and din'd on *Grout*;  
 Which Dish its pristine Honour still retains,  
 And when each Prince is Crown'd, in Splendor reigns.

By Northern Custom, Duty was express'd  
 To Friends departed by a Funeral Feast.  
 Tho' I've consulted *Holinshed* and *Siow*,  
 I find it very difficult to know  
 Who, to refresh the Attendants to the Grave,  
*Burnt-Claret* first, or *Naple-Biscates* gave.  
*Trotter* from *Quince*, and *Apples* first did frame  
 A *Pye*, which still retains his proper Name.  
 Tho' common grown, yet with white *Sage* strew'd  
 and butter'd well, it is still the same.  
 Good *Humour* reign'd, and Pleasures found Increase  
 'Twas usual then, the Banquet to prolong,  
 By Musick's Charm, and some delightful Song,  
 Where every Youth in pleasing Accents strove  
 To tell the Stratagems and Lures of Love.  
 How some Successful were, how some were Cross'd,  
 Then so the sparkling Glass would give us Toasts,  
 Whose Bloom did most in his Opinion shine,  
 To relish both the Musick and the Wine.

Why am I call'd a Cow, if I am loath  
 To marinate my Fish, or to broil my Broth,  
 Or to eat what I hear of as being good?  
 I am a Cow, I say, and so I should be proud  
 To be so call'd, if I were not so proud.

When I am call'd a Cow, I am so call'd  
 'Tis not a fault, as I am not a Cow,



It is not Reason therefore you should spare,  
 When as a future Burgess you prepare  
 Or a fat Corporation, and their Mayor.  
 All things should find their Room in proper place,  
 And what adorns this Feast would that disgrace,  
 Sometimes the Vulgar will of Mirth partake,  
 And have excessive Doings at their Wake.  
 Ten Taylors at their yearly Feasts look great,  
 And all their Cucumbers are turn'd to Meat.  
 Prince, who in a Forest rides astray,  
 And weary, to some Cottage finds his way,  
 Talks of no *Pyramids of Food*, or *Bisks of Fish*,  
 But, hungry, sups his *Cream* in Earthen-Dish;  
 quenches his Thirst with *Ale* in Nut-Brown Bowls,  
 And takes the hasty *Rasher* from the Coals.  
 He'd like King *Harry*, with his Miller tree,  
 Who thought himself as good a Man as he.  
 Unless some Sweetness at the Bottom ly,  
 He cares for all the *Crinkling* of your *Pye*.  
 You would have me Merry with your Cheer,  
 So your self, or so at least appear.  
 That Man his Banquet ankerdly forecasts,  
 Who fills his Table when another fasts.  
 Your Betters will despise you, if they see  
 Things that are far surpassing your Degree  
 Therefore beyond your Substance never treat,  
 Is Plenty in small Fortune to be Neat.  
 Happy the Man that has each Fortune try'd,  
 To whom she much has given, and much deny'd;  
 With Abstinence all Delicates he sees,  
 And can regale himself with Toast and Cheese.  
 It is certain that a Steward can't afford  
 Entertainment equal with his Lord.  
 And Age is frugal, gay Youth will abound  
 With Heat, and see the flowing Cup go round.  
 Widow has cold *Pye*, Nurse gives you *Tea*,  
 From gen'rous Merchants *Ham* or *Sauces* come,  
 Or Farmer has *Brown-Bread* as fresh as *Dew*,  
 And *Butter* fragrant as the *Dew* of *Mead*.  
 And *Squab-Pyes*, and *Dry* *Wine*,  
 And *Leister Beans* and *Baron*, Food for him.

At *Christmastime* be careful of your Fame;  
 See the old *Tenant's Table* be the same.  
 Then if you would send up the *Brawn's* Head,  
 Sweet *Rosemary* and *Bays* around it spread;  
 His foaming *Tusks* let some large *Pippin* grace,  
 Or midst those thund'ring *Spears* an *Orange* place:  
 Sauce, like himself offensive to the Foes,  
 The roguish *Mustard*, dangerous to the Nose.  
 Sack and the well-spiced *Hippocras* the Wine,  
 Wassel the Bowl, with antique *Ribbons* fine,  
*Porridge* with *Plumbs*, and *Turkey* with the *China*.

If you would try perhaps some Dish unknown,  
 Which more peculiarly you'd call your own;  
 Like ancient *Sailors* still regard the Coast,  
 By venturing out too far you may be lost.  
 By roasting that which your Fore-fathers boil'd,  
 And boiling what they roasted, much is spoil'd.  
 The Cook to *British Palates* is complete,  
 Whole sav'ry Hand gives turns to common Meat.  
 Tho' Cooks are often Men of pregnant Wit,  
 Through Niceness of their subjects, few have writ.  
 In what a Sound that ancient Ballad ran,  
 Which with this blustering Paragraph began,

" There was a Prince of *Cumberland*,  
 " A Potentate of *High Command*;  
 " Ten Thousand Bakers did attend him,  
 " Ten Thousand Brewers did befrend him.  
 " These brought him *Kissing-Crusts*, and those  
 " Brought him *small Beer* before he rose.

The Author raises Mountains seeming full,  
 But all the Cry produces little *Wool*.  
 So if you sue a Beggar for a House,  
 And get a Verdict, what's your *Cause* a *Louse*.  
 Homer, more modest, if we search his Books,  
 Will shew us that his Heroes all were Cooks,  
 How lov'd *Patroclus* with *Achilles* joins,  
 To quarter out the Ox, and spit the Loins.  
 Oh! could that Poet live, could he rehearse  
 The Journey, *Lisbon*, in immortal Verse!  
 Muse, sing the Man that did to *Paris* go,  
 That he might taste their Soups, and *Mushrooms* know.

Oh! how would *Horace* praise their Dancing Dogs,  
 Their stinking Cheese, and Frycalce of Frogs.  
 He'd raise no Fables, sing no flagrant Lies,  
 Or Boys with *Cusard* choak'd at *Newberry*;  
 But the whole Courties you'd entirely see,  
 How all the Parts from first to last agree.  
 If you all sorts of Persons would engage,  
 And well your Eatables with every Age.  
 That fav'rite Child that just begins to prattle,  
 And throws away his Silver Bells and Rattle,  
 Is very humourfome, and makes great clatter,  
 Unless appeas'd with frequent Bread and Butter;  
 He for repeated Supper-meat will cry,  
 But won't tell Mammy what he'd have or why.  
 The smooth fac'd Youth that has new Guardians chose,  
 From *Play house* steps to Supper at the *Rose*,  
 Where he a Main or two at random throws,  
 Squandering of Wealth, impatient of Advice,  
 His Eating must be little, costly, nice.  
 Mature Age, to his Delight grown strange,  
 Each Night frequents the Clubb behind the *Change*,  
 Expecting there Frugality and Health,  
 And Honour, rising from a *Sheriff's* Wealth;  
 Unless he some Assurance Dinner lacks,  
 'Tis very rarely he frequents *Pontack's*.  
 But then Old Age, by still intruding Years,  
 Torments the feeble Heart with anxious Cares.  
 Morose, perverse in Humour, diffident,  
 The more he still abounds, the less content.  
 His Larder and his Kitchen too observes,  
 And now, lest he should want hereafter, starves.  
 He looks scorn of all the presents Age can give,  
 And none that a three hundred ought to live.  
 But now the Cook must pass through all Degrees,  
 And by his Art discordant Tempers please,  
 And minister to Health and to Disease.  
 Far from the Parlour have your Kitchen plac'd,  
 Painties may in the working be disgrac'd.  
 A private draw your *Poultry*, clean your *Trip*,  
 And from your *Pell* the stinky Substances wipe.  
 Let cruel Offices be done by Night,



Next, let Discretion moderate your Cost;  
 And when you treat, three Courses be the most.  
 Let never *French* in Machines your *Pastry* try,  
 Unless *Grande* or *Magistrate* be by,  
 Then you may put a Dwarf into your Pye.  
 Or, if you'd fright an Alderman or Mayor,  
 Within a *Pasty* lodge a *Living Hare*;  
 Then must the gravest Furs shall Mirth arise,  
 And all the Guild pursue with joyful Cries.  
 Crowd not your Table, let your Number be  
 No more than Seven, and never less than Three.

'Tis the *Desert* that graces all the Feast,  
 For an ill End disparages the rest.  
 A thousand things well-done, and one forgot,  
 Defaces the Obligation by that Blot.  
 Make your transparent *Sweet-Meats* truly nice,  
 With *Indian* Sugar, and *Arabian* Spice.  
 And let your various *Creams* encircled be  
 With swelling *Fruit*, just ravish'd from the Tree.  
 Fine *Porcellane* a cleanly Sight creates,  
 And furnishes your Dishes and your Plates.

The Feast now done, Discourses are renew'd,  
 And witty Arguments with Mirth pursu'd.  
 The cheerful Master, midst his Jovial Friends,  
 His Glass to their best Wishes recommends.  
 The Grace Cup follows, to his Sovereign's Health,  
 And to his Countrey Plenty, Peace and Wealth.  
 Performing then the Piety of Grace,  
 Each Man that pleases re-assumes his Place;  
 While at his Gate, from his abundant Store,  
 He shows his God-like Blessings on the Poor.

In Days of old, our Fathers went to War,  
 Expecting sturdy Plows and hardy Fare;  
 Their Beef they often in their Murrins stew'd,  
 And in their Basket-Hilts their Bevy'dge brew'd.  
 Some Officer perhaps might give Command  
 To a large cover'd Pipkin in his Tent,  
 Where every thing that every Soldier eat,  
 Such, *Becon*, *Cabbage*, *Mutton*, and what not,  
 Was all thrown into Bank, and went to Pot.

But when our Conquests were extensive grown,  
 And through the World our *British* Worth was known,

Wealth on Commanders then flow'd in apace,  
 Their *Champaign* sparkled equal with their *Lace*;  
*Quail*, *Bucoficcoes*, *Ortelons* were sent  
 To grace the Levee of a General's Tent;  
 In their gilt Plate all Delicates were seen,  
 And what was Earth before, became a Rich Tareen.

When the young Players get to *Islington*,  
 They fondly think that all the World's their own.  
 Prentices, Parish-Clerks and Hectors meet,  
 He that is drunk or bully'd pays the Treat;  
 Their Talk is loose, and o'er their bouncing *Ale*,  
 As Constables and Justices they rail,  
 Not thinking *Custard* such a serious thing,  
 That Common-Council-Men will thither bring;  
 Where many a Man, at variance with his Wife,  
 With softning *Mead* and *Cheeseakes* ends the Strife.  
 Then Squires come there, and with their mean Discourse,  
 Render the Kitchen which they sit in worse.  
 Midwives demure, and Chamber-maids most gay,  
 Fore-men that pick the Box, and come to play,  
 Here find their Entertainment at the Height,  
 In *Cream* and *Codlings* rev'ling with Delight.

What these approve, the Great Men will dislike,  
 But here's the Art, if you the *Palate* strike,  
 By management of Common things so well,  
 That what was thought the meanest, shall excel.  
 While others strive in vain, all Persons own  
 Such Dishes could be dress'd by you alone.

When straitned in your Time, and Servants few,  
 You rightly then compose an *Ambigue*;  
 Where *first* and *second Course*, and your *Desert*,  
 All in one single Table have their part.  
 From such a vast Confusion 'tis Delight  
 To find the jarring Elements unite,  
 And raise a Structure grateful to the Sight.

Be not too far by Old Examples led,  
 With Caution now wade in their Footsteps tread.  
 The *French* our Relish help, and well supply  
 The want of things too Gross, by Decency.  
 Our Fathers most admir'd their Sances sweet,  
 As now ask'd for Sugar with their *Mear*;

They butter'd *Currants* on fat *Veal* bestow'd;  
 And *Rumps* of *Beef* with *Virgin Honey* strow'd.  
 Insipid Taste, Old Friend, to them who *Paris* know,  
 Where *Roccombe*, *Shalott*, and the Rank of *Garlick* grow,

TOM BOLD did first begin the strolling Mart,  
 And drove about his *Turnips* in a Cart:

Sometimes his Wife the Citizens would please,  
 And from the same Machine sell Pecks of *Pease*.

Then *Pippins* did in Wheel-harrows abound,  
 And *Oranges* on Whimsy-boards went round.

BESS HOY first found it troublesome to bail,  
 And therefore plac'd her *Cherries* on a stall;  
 Here *Currants*, there her *Goosberries* were spread,  
 With the crying Gold on *Gingerbread*.

But *Flounders*, *Sprats* and *Cucumbers* were cry'd,  
 And every Voice, and every Sound were try'd.

At last the Law this hideous Dinn suppress'd,  
 And order'd that the *Sunday* should have Rest;  
 And that no Nymph the noisy Food should sell,  
 Except it were *New Milk* or *Mack*.

There is no Dish, but what our *Cooks* have made,  
 And merited a Charter by the *Side*;

Not *French Kickshaws*, nor *Go* brought from *Spain*,  
 Have been the only Product of their Brain:

But *Pudding*, *White Pot*, *Brawn*, are own'd to be  
 Th' Effects of Native Ingenuity.

Our *British* Fleet, that now commands the Main,  
 Might glorious *VV*reaths of *Victory* obtain;  
*VV*ou'd they take time, wou'd they wit<sup>h</sup> Leisure work,  
*VV*ith Care wou'd salt their *Beef*, and cure their *Pork*.  
*VV*ould boil their *Liquor* well when e'er they brew,  
 The Conquest half is to the *Vict'aller* due.

Because that Thrift and Abstinence are good,  
 As many Things, if rightly understood.

Old Cross condemns all Persons to be *Figs*,  
 That can't regale themselves with *Notton Chops*.

He often for *Stuff Beef* to *Bedlam* runs,  
 And the clean *Rummer*, as the Pest-House, thuns.

Sometimes *Poor Jack* and *Onions* are his Dish,  
 And then he *Saints* all those that stink of Fish.



But tho' my Edge be not so nicely set,  
 Yet another's Appetite may whet;  
 May teach him what to buy, when Season's past,  
 What's Stale, what Choice, when plentiful, what waste;  
 And lead him through the various Maze of Taste.  
 The Fundamental Principle of all,  
 Is what Ingenious Books the *English* call;  
 For when the Market sends in Loads of Food,  
 'Tis that in nice Perfection makes it good.  
 Besides, 'tis no ignoble piece of Care  
 To know for whom it is you would prepare.  
 You'd please a Friend, or reconcile a Brother,  
 A resty Father, or a haughty Mother.  
 Would mollify a Judge, would cram a Squire,  
 Or else some Smiles at Court you may desire;  
 Or would perhaps some hasty Supper give,  
 To shew the splendid State in which you live.  
 Pursuant to that Interest you propose,  
 Malt all your Wines, and all your Meats be chose.  
 Let Meat and Manners every Dish adapt,  
 Who'd force his *Pepper*, ere his Guests are clapt.  
 A Cauldron of fat Beef, a Scoope of Ale,  
 On the Hurzaing Mobb shall prevail,  
 Than if you gave them, with the nicest Art,  
 Ravouls of *Peacocks Brains*, or *Liberd Tart*.  
 The *French* by *Saupt* and *Haut* casts Glory raise,  
 And their Desires all terminate in Praise;  
 The thrifty Maxim of the wary *Dutch*,  
 Is to save all the Money they can touch.  
*Hans*, cries the *Fal*, see a *Pin* lies there,  
 A *Pin* a Day, will reach Great a Year.  
 To your five Farthings, join three Varrthings more,  
 And they, if added, make your Half-pence four.  
 Thus may your Stock, by management, increase,  
 Your Wars shall gain you more than *Britain's Peace*;  
 Where Love of Wealth, or ruddy Coin prevail,  
 That hopes of Sugar'd Cakes, or Butter'd Ale.  
 Cook garnish out some Tables, some they fill,  
 In a prudent Mixture shew their Skill.  
 Beg not your constant Meals, but Dishes few  
 To please the Appetite, when choice and new.

E'en they who still Extravagance profess,  
 Have still an inward Hatred to Excess.  
 Meat forc'd too much, untouched on Table lies;  
 Few care for carving Trifles in Disguise,  
 Or that fantastick Dish, some call Surprise.  
 When Pleasures to the Eye and Palate meet,  
 That Cook has render'd his great Work compleat;  
 His Glory far, like Sir *Lyon's* Knighthood flies,  
 Immortal made, as *Ki-cat*, by his Pyes.

Good Nature must some Failings over-look,  
 Not Willfulness, but Errors in the Cook.  
 A String wo'nt always give the Sound design'd,  
 By the Musician's Touch, and Heav'nly Mind;  
 Nor will an Arrow from the *Peribian* Bow,  
 Still to the destin'd Point directly go.  
 Perhaps no *Salt* is thrown about the Dish,  
 Or no scy'd *Parsley* scatter'd on the Fish;  
 Shall I, in Passion, from my Dinner fly,  
 And Hopes of Pardon to my Cook deny  
 For things, which Carelessness might over-see,  
 And all Mankind commit, as well as he?  
 What then! shall *Bakers*, stubborn to their Fault,  
 Be pardon'd, tho' refusing to be taught:  
 Or a *Wet-Salter* all my *Salt*...

By still persisting to send in bad Oil.  
 Poor ROGER FOWLER had a generous Mind,  
 Nor would submit to have his Hand confin'd;  
 But aim'd at all, yet never could excel  
 In any thing, but stuffing of his *Veal*;  
 But when that Dish was in Perfection seen,  
 And that alone, would it not move your Spleen.  
 'Tis true, in a long Work soft Slumbers creep,  
 And gently sink the Artists into sleep.  
 E'en LAMB himself, at the most Solemn Feast,  
 Might have some Chargers not exactly dress'd.

Tables should be like Pictures to the Sight,  
 Some Dishes cast in Shade, some spread in Light;  
 Some at a Distance brighten, some near Hand,  
 Where Ease may all your Delicates command.  
 Some should be mov'd when broken, others last  
 Thro' the whole Treat, incentive to the Taste.

LOCKET, by many Labours self grown,  
 Up from the Kitchen, call'd his Eldest Son.  
 Tho' wife thy self, says he, tho' taught by me,  
 Yet fix this Sentence in thy Memory.  
 There are some certain Things that don't excel,  
 And yet we say they're tolerably well.  
 There's many worthy Men a Lawyer prize,  
 Whom they distinguish as of middle Size,  
 For pleading well at Bar, or turning Books;  
 But this is not, my Son, the Fate of Cooks.  
 From whose mysterious Art true Pleasure springs,  
 To Stall of Carter, and to Throne of Kings.  
 A Simple Dance, or disobliging Song,  
 Which no way to the main Design belong,  
 Or were they absent, never could be mis'd,  
 Have made a well made Comedy be mis'd.  
 So in a Feast, no intermediate Fault  
 Will be allow'd, but if not best, 'tis naught.  
 He that of feeble Nerves, and joints complains,  
 From Nine-pin, Quoits, and from Trap-ball abstains,  
 Cudgels avoids, and shuns the Wrestling Place,  
 Let *Vinegar* rebound his loud Diligence,  
 But every one to *Cookery* pretends,  
 Nor Maid nor Mistress e'er consult their Friends.  
 But, Sir, if you would roast a Pig, be free,  
 Why not with BRAUN, with LOCKET, or with me?  
 We'll see when 'tis enough, when both Eyes out,  
 Or if it want the nice concluding Bourn;  
 Or if it lie too long the Crackling's pall'd,  
 Or by the Drudger-box to be recall'd.  
 Our *Cambrian* Fathers, sparing in their Food,  
 First broil'd their hunted Goats on buns of Wood;  
 Sharp Hunger was their Seasoning, or they took  
 Each Salt as it w'd' from the native Rock.  
 Their *Sallan* was never far to seek,  
 The pointant Water-cress, and farty Leek.  
 Until the *Br.* Bards adorn'd this Isle,  
 And taught ch. how to roast and how to boil.  
 Then THALIESSEN rose, and sweetly strung  
 A *British* Harp, instructing while he sung.  
 Taught them that Honesty they still possess,



Duty to Kindred, Constancy to Friend,  
 And inward Worth which always recommends;  
 Contempt of Wealth and pleasure to appear  
 To all Mankind with Hospitable Cheer.

In after Ages ARTHUR taught his Knights  
 At his Round Table to record their Fights;  
 Cities cras'd, Encampments forc'd in field,  
 Monsters slay'd, and hideous Tyrants quell'd.  
 Then GUY, the Pride of Warwick, truly great,  
 To future Heroes due Example set.  
 By his capacious *Cauldron* made appear,  
 From whence the Spirits rise, and Strength of War,  
 The present Age, to Gallantry inclin'd,  
 Is pleas'd with vast Improvements of the Mind,  
 He that of Honour, Wit and Mirth partakes,  
 May be a fit Companion of the *Best of States*;  
 His Name may be to future Times enroll'd  
 In *Eastons* Book, when Gold Iron shines with Gold.

'Tis a Sage Question, if the Art of Cookery  
 Be a *Science*, or a *Trade*, or a *Profession*?  
 That the whole Dependence lies on the Receipts  
 Whose whole Dependence lies on the Receipts  
 Then by pure Nature every thing is spoil'd,  
 She knows no more than Stew'd, Bak'd, Roast, and Boil'd.  
 When Art and Nature join, th' Effect will be  
 Some nice *Ragout*, or charming *Fryasée*.

The Lad that would his Genius for advance,  
 Ther on a Rope he may securely Dance,  
 From tender Years enures himself to Pains  
 To Summers parching Heats, and Winters Rains,  
 And from the Fire of Wine and Love abstains.  
 No Artift can his Handboys Stops command  
 Unless some Skillful Master form his Hand.  
 But Gentry take their Cooks, tho' neceſſary,  
 It seems no more to them than up and down;  
 Preferments granted thus, show him a Fool  
 That dreads a Parent's Chastity or Reds at School.

On Church, when hot, and Wardens ball'd some day,  
 But 'tis with an Intention Men should buy.  
 Other abound with such a plenteous Store,  
 That if you'll let them treat, they'll ask no more.  
 And thus the vast Ambition of their Soul

then amidst the cringing flattering Crowd,  
 who talk so very much, and laugh so loud,  
 who with such Grace his Honor's Actions praise,  
 how well he Fences, Dances, Sings, and Plays;  
 tell him his Liv'rys rich, with Chariots fine,  
 how choice his Meat, and delicate his Wine.  
 surrounded thus, how should the Youth descry  
 the Happiness of Friendship from a Lye.  
 Friends act with Cautious Temper, when Sincere  
 a flattering Impudence is void of Care.  
 when an *Irish* Funeral appears,  
 a Train of Drabs with Mercenary Tears,  
 how wringing of their Hands, with tedious Moan,  
 how not his very Name for whom they groan.  
 while real Grief with silent Steps proceeds,  
 and Love unfeign'd with inward Passion bleeds.  
 and Fate of Wealth! were *Lords*, as *Butchers* wife,  
 they from their Meat wou'd banish all the *Flies*.  
 the *Persian* King, with Wine and mussy Bowl,  
 wou'd to the dark Recesses of the Soul;  
 that so laid open, no one might pretend,  
 less a Man of Worth, to be his Friend.  
 now the Guests their Patrons undermine,  
 and slander them for giving 'em their Wine  
 that Men have dearly thus Companions bought,  
 less by their Instruction they'll be taught,  
 they spread the Net, and will themselves be caught.  
 We must submit our Treats to Criticks View,  
 and every prudent Cook should read *Boswell*.  
 the Government provides the Meat in Season fit,  
 which by the Genius dress'd is Sawce, to wit,  
 and Beef for Men, Pudding for Youth and Age,  
 and up to the Decorum of the Stage.  
 the Critick strikes out all that is not just,  
 'tis e'en so the Baker chips his Crust  
 and Pastry-Cooks will be the same  
 both of them their Images must frame,  
 and from the Poet's Fancy flow,  
 the Cook contrives his shape in real Dough,

There are some Persons so excessive rude,  
 That to your private Table they'll intrude  
 In vain you fly, in vain pretend to fast,  
 Turn like a Fox, they'll catch you at the last.  
 You must, since Bars and Doors are no Defence,  
 E'en quit your House, as in a Pestilence.

Be quick, nay very quick; yet he'll approach,  
 And as your scamp'ring stop you in your Coach.  
 Then think of all your Sins, and you will see  
 How right your Guilt and Punishment agree.  
 Perhaps no tender Pity could prevail,  
 But you might throw some Debtor into Jail.

Now mark th' Effect of his prevailing Curse,  
 You are detain'd by something that is worse.  
 Were it in my Election I should chuse  
 To meet a ravenous Bear or Wolf got loose.  
 He'll Eat and Talk, and Talking still will Eat,  
 No quarter from the Parasite you'd get;  
 But, like a Leech well fixt, he'll suck what's good,  
 And never part till satisfy'd with Blood.

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F I N I S.

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